UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

Associate Editors

Francis Neilson Louis L. Mann Curtis W. Reese

To the Students of America In Colleges and High Schools

By CLARENCE R. SKINNER

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

Chapter I. by M. K. GANDHI

Items from a Traveler's Note Book

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

Eric Knight Jordan—in Memoriam

By ALBERT GUÉRARD

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME XCVII — MONDAY, APRIL 12, 1926 — NUMBER 7

THE SPINNER

The great-souled spins in India today.
This very sun that warms me now will light
The place where Gandhi's spinning wheel is standing.
Long in my night the master will spin on.

His friend, our world's great poet, cannot sing
Of power taking form in politics,
Of negative resisting of brute force,
Of Satyagrah that may shut India up
(The master's teaching being wrongly spread)
And hold within her what the whole world needs
And keep without her what the West should give.
I see the dangers, blessed singer loved,
But surely there are greater to be feared
If India is robbed now of her gifts,
If all her best is smothered by our worst
Til, as in these our blinded western lands,
Things of least value are to heights extolled,
And worst is held as needful, to be sought,
And soul's force, scorned, is thought the cult of fools.
The day will dawn when, surfeited with ill,
We of the West shall humbly ask for light.
India will keep what we have helped her find,
Adding this to her own, and growing still.
When we have come beyond this infant age
She will be able, when we beg her aid,
To save us from ourselves and our machines.

O Watcher over Gandhi's land and ours,
Grant him new strength of body for the task,
The spinning of great India's and our fate.
Open our proud blind eyes that we may see
The wisdom of our master teacher there.
Free India, we pray! But also free
America that thinks herself unbound.

RUTH MARGARET DODGE.

For UNITY.

The squabbling nations have temporarily found way out of the difficulties at Geneva, just as e knew from the beginning that they would. ome adjustment had to be made—some compro- ise achieved. There's nothing to fight over— *et;* no chance of stirring up the war-wearied peo- les to battle—*yet!* But no settlement, or rather post- onement, no matter how satisfactory on the sur- ace, no matter how loudly tooted to the horizons of ie earth, can hide the shame and horror of what as transpired. We say "shame" and "horror" ad- isedly, for recent events at Geneva have revealed vo facts at least which make all talk of peace and nity in Europe like so much spitting in the wind. he first fact is the revelation that the same old ationalisms that wrecked the continent in 1914 are ill in the saddle. For all the awful experience of ie Great War and its aftermath, for all the work of ie League of Nations and its noble advocates, Europe as hectic today with patriotic pride, jealousy and lf-interest, as feverish with mutual hostility and hate etween the nations, as at any time in the past. The eague?—what is it but one more exercise for the genuity of men in maintaining a balance of power hich sooner or later tumbles into war? Secondly, nd more terrible still, is the fact revealed in this ecent squabble that secret agreements were entered into at Locarno by certain of the signatories of that great treaty. At the very moment, in other words, when the world was ringing with relief and exultation over this agreement, the statesmen concerned were crawling away, like so much vermin, into their dark corners, and making hidden bargains for their mutual advantage. And Briand dares to talk about Locarno being with him "a religion," and Austin Chamberlain to receive the plaudits of his countrymen of all parties as a leader into the new day of peace! Nothing quite so disgusting and sinister as this has happened since the famous secret treaties of 1915, which all but wrecked the world in 1919. It is one of the things which shakes one's faith forever in mankind, and tempts one to eternal cynicism. For ourselves, we are right back where we were before Locarno, with the added humiliation and pain of having been "fooled again."

We have seen instances of naiveté in our time, but none quite so delicious as the one encountered in the New York *Times* on March 24th last. This newspaper was engaged in its favorite pastime of baiting Senator Borah, as a small mind always loves to bait a great mind. Referring to the Senate discussion on the Geneva fiasco, it quoted Senator Borah's statement that "the public agreements at Locarno were bought by a

secret agreement. We now know that the public sacrifice made by the Poles was paid for by a secret agreement by Sir Austin Chamberlain, M. Briand and others to raise Poland to the grandeur of a great power by giving her a permanent seat in the Council along with Germany." The *Times,* of course, was outraged by this frank declaration by the Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee of the truth of what was done in Europe, and undertook to discredit it. Why, cried the *Times,* how can the Senator say such things? It must be that he has not read "the evidence that would prove such assertions to be false." It then proceeded to instruct the Senator by giving him this evidence, which was to the effect that "this (charge) had been *explicitly denied by Sir Austin Chamberlain and by Prime Minister Baldwin more than two weeks previously.*" This is the naiveté of which we spoke above. Imagine it! The editor of the great New York *Times* actually believing that Sir Austin Chamberlain, fighting desperately to recover his lost reputation, and Mr. Baldwin, fighting as desperately to save his discredited ministry, can be trusted to tell the truth about the Locarno-Geneva situation! Of course they would deny these secret agreements, as ministers just as reputable as themselves denied the secret treaties during the Great War until denial was made impossible by the publication of the actual treaties by the Bolshevik government. But as a matter of fact, of course, the editor of the *Times* is not so much of a Simple Simon as he appears. He knows the facts just as well as Lloyd George and J. Ramsay Macdonald, for example, who have proclaimed them in the House of Commons as Borah proclaimed them in the Senate. The *Times* is simply doing a little denying of its own in a bold endeavor to salvage something out of the wreckage of its pro-League policy.

Our respect for our English ambassador, Mr. Houghton, increases every time he speaks or acts. He is plainly one of the few great diplomats that our country has produced. We have never forgotten the speech which he made when he first went abroad as our ambassador to Germany—one of the few great public utterances of the post-War period. Now, on his recent return from England for a brief visit, Mr. Houghton has paralyzed Washington by telling the truth about Europe. Deceived by our shallow optimists into the Fool's Paradise of the World Court, the League of Nations, and the rest, we have believed that Europe, in accordance with the best formula of Dr. Coué, was every day and in every way getting better and better. Not even the dreadful revelations of the Geneva tragedy have been able to disturb our professional Pollyannas. Now comes Ambassador Houghton to state the facts—that the same old Europe is engaged in the same old business which brought on the War in 1914, and will again bring on another war in due order. Mr. Houghton is a realist—he refuses to be fooled, and is unwilling to have the nation fooled. But he is also an idealist—as witness his drastic recommendation of a basis of disarmament for the much-talked-about Arms Conference. Let all nations, says Mr. Houghton, disarm as Germany disarmed under the terms of the Versailles Treaty in 1919. Amazement and horror everywhere! Why, this would mean that France would have fewer soldiers than Germany—this from France which signed the Locarno Treaty pledging herself never to fight Germany again! This proposal would also mean that America would have to reduce her fleet. Imagine *that,* now, when a great fleet is so sure a guarantee of peace! Yet Mr. Houghton has gone straight to the heart of this whole business of disarmament. He sees, what every clear-visioned and honest man has always seen, that disarmament means *disarmament.* In this case it means taking the standard of a disarmed nation as the standard for all nations, and testing the sincerity of these nations by this standard. We wish that there were more men like Mr. Houghton. And if Secretary Kellogg can ever be persuaded to dodder his way into the obscurity that yawns for him, we hope that Mr. Houghton will be put in his place.

We find it quite impossible to get angry or even excited over the action of the Council of the League of Nations in calling a meeting of the signatories of the Covenant to pass upon the reservations placed upon our entrance into the World Court by vote of the Senate. When we heard this news some weeks ago, our sense of humor took possession of the field, and we have been laughing ever since. Here have we been told by advocates of our entry into the World Court that this Court is entirely separate from the League, and the League from it. When opponents argued that connection between the two bodies was organic, that one could not function without the other, they were denounced as obstructionists, seeking for any old obstacle to block the movement for American adhesion to the new international tribunal. When these opponents called the Court the League Court, and affirmed that the supporters of entry were interested in this policy only because it was a first step toward entry into the League itself, they were again denounced, and cloture promptly invoked against them so that they might be silenced. Now, when the United States has communicated the Senate reservations to the members of the Court—of the Court—of the *Court,* mind you, not of the League! —these reservations are promptly referred to the *League,* and a special meeting called at Geneva to con-

sider and pass upon them. We don't wonder that Senator Reed rages—it is an outrage, as it proves deliberate deception practised upon the American people. We don't wonder that Senator Borah reads the lesson to the public—he was correct in all his contentions, and has a right now to show that these contentions are proved. But for ourselves we can only laugh. Such a joke—grim, sardonic, full of the poison of political dishonesty—but still a joke. The cat out of the bag with a vengeance! The Court is a part of the League, is subsidiary to the League, can do nothing without the League. Our League champions got us into the Court not because they cared anything about the Court, but because they wanted to get us started toward the League, but they didn't have common decency enough to say so. Now the League itself lifts the curtain and reveals the truth. What a farce! How the gods must laugh!

Southern prisons are pretty terrible. So are prisons everywhere for that matter. The worst prison we ever heard of was located in Wichita, Kansas. But we have Southern prisons in mind at this moment because of the recent disclosures of the horrors of the convict system in Alabama, more especially the killing of James Knox, convict, at the Flat Top Prison Mine near Birmingham. We are moved, however, not to condemn Alabama, but to praise her officials who are themselves taking this condemnation business in hand with a thoroughness which is a model for state governments everywhere. Attorney-General Harwell G. Davis, for example, acting under every conceivable pressure and influence to hush up the scandal, filed a report which laid everything bare to public inspection. Governor William W. Brandon, similarly importuned to leave matters alone, has started an investigation which promises a clean-up for good and all. No higher example of courage and fidelity to duty has been seen for a long time. Almost invariably in instances of this kind, the public official thinks he is serving his city, state, or nation, by concealing facts which are a shame and a disgrace. To admit or publish such facts is argued to be treason to the government in question. But here are two officials who see and act otherwise. They understand that the real disgrace is in concealing wrong and failing to correct it—that he is the truest servant of the state who hunts out infamy wherever it is found and uses every available means, including publicity, to remove it. Alabama is indeed disgraced by the disclosures in the Knox case, but everybody knows that she is little worse or better than other states in the matter of prison administration. On the other hand, Alabama is glorified by the brave action of her Governor and Attorney-General, and here she stands unique among her sister commonwealths.

All men are equal before the law! Is that so? List, ye Americans, to two stories. For some weeks past a strike has been "on" in Passaic, New Jersey. The strikers, exercising their legal rights of public demonstration and agitation, placed their pickets, organized their meetings, and marched in procession through the streets. At once the police leaped upon them like wild beasts. Men, women and children were beaten into the dust, scattered like sheep, wounded, maimed, and many of them arrested. It was the old story—routine enough in itself, but mighty interesting as compared with another story. At just this same time when the Passaic police were beating up the textile strikers, a student riot broke out in New Haven, Connecticut. It began at the Yale Commons, where the freshmen smashed the dishes, overturned the tables, and upset things generally. After this fracas, the freshmen went into the town and proceeded to block the roads, pull trolleys off the wire, knock automobiles over, "rush" pedestrians, and in general amuse themselves at the public expense. A "good time was had by all"—i. e., by all the freshmen—but after a time the citizens of New Haven got tired of the excitement and called the police. Here was a real riot—not peaceful picketing or orderly parading, but a genuine bona fide *riot*. But what did the police do? Scatter the college boys with clubs, knock them down and break their heads, arrest them and jail them? Not at all! With admirable restraint, the police simply made their presence known, restored order, and sent the freshmen back to their dormitories. But why this careful distinction between orderly strikers in Passaic and rowdy college boys in New Haven? Why, if there must be distinction, should it be made in favor of the real disturbers of the peace? Why does a lad on picket duty get 30 days in prison for singing "Hail, hail, the gang's all here," and a student merely get put on probation—by the college, not by the police—for destroying property and wrecking the orderly life of an entire community? There is no answer to such questions—no answer at least that comports with public decency and honor. The fact is, of course, that there is no equality before the law in this country. The police discriminate on the streets—they pamper the freshman and beat up the worker, arrest the poor man and ignore the rich man. The courts do the same when culprits come before the bar. What chance would Leopold and Loeb have had to escape death for their crime, had they been street waifs from the slums? The situation may be incurable as due simply to the frailties of human nature. But we can at least be honest about it, and not live as smirking hypocrites.

To the Students of America—In Colleges and High Schools

You will have to face critical and stupendous problems when you reach maturity. You will have to live on a grander scale and display more ability than any other generation that has ever lived, if you are to live successfully. Every year civilization becomes increasingly complex, ungovernable, unwieldy. Every year men are letting loose in the world forces which make it easy to disrupt and destroy. Every day problems are increasing faster than solutions. Inventions grow faster than brains; interdependence in the physical realm increases more rapidly than interdependence of thought; the need of cooperation far outruns the amount of cooperation. The world you are to live in is to be a tangled mechanism, rushing at headlong speed.

The world that Buddha, Confucius, Plato, Jesus had to live in was simple and provincial compared to your world. The problems which confronted Simon de Montfort, George Washington or Louis XIV were childlike compared with the problems you will be called upon to solve. The great men of the past cannot lead us entirely in this new world. Their messages, no matter how inspiring, are inadequate for the present. They lived in an essentially different world. You must face this adventure on your resources. You must develop a philosophy adequate to the times, and appropriate to conditions.

Never was there such need of great men and women—minds great enough to grasp the vast network of intricacies which is our civilization—souls great enough to feel a sympathy with all the races, nations, and creeds of mankind; wills great enough to set in motion those forces of healing and blessing which will transform this old world into a kingdom of God.

Are you ready to accept these challenges and to begin your career as a creative citizen of the future? You are not in a position of power where you can immediately grasp the control of national or of international government. You will have to begin where you are, dealing with the problems which constitute your world. Perhaps you do not see the significance or the bearing of these problems, or perhaps you do not see the opportunity that lies at your door. But just there lies your test of potential greatness. The man of creative mind and energy is one who sees in the common occurrences of his everyday existence the large relations and deeper significances. The small man has to have great issues pointed out for him. The great man sees them before they become dramatic, or before they break into crises.

If you are ready to show your mettle and willing to prove your consecration, look about you in your own world, see with your own eyes. Is there anything in your world now which should give you pause, which should challenge your thinking, and fire your spirit? Is there a problem which you can attack here and now where you have the power to do something?

In view of what has been said, it would be impossible to define the question which is crying for solution, but it is possible and profitable to ask questions which you should answer, to prove your own statesmanship and fitness for future leadership.

Have you thought through the following problems:—

1. What is the significance, for American history, in the rapidly growing compulsory military training in the schools and colleges of the United States?

2. Who is fostering this movement and what is the motive?

3. When a young man is thoughtlessly having a good time in military drill, what do foreign governments, such as Japan and Brazil, think of him?

4. How much good citizenship is he learning? How much better fitted is he for bringing about world friendship between the nations? In what direction do his thoughts travel?

5. How is his "perfect obedience" going to be utilized? For what purposes? Does "perfect obedience" make for democracy and progress or for autocracy and war?

6. What might be accomplished if all these young men under military training were putting the same energy and time into peace training? What if they were to attend "peace camps"?

7. What would happen if the "other side" of military training were to be discussed freely?

8. What will happen to education in the social sciences if military drill grows in our schools and colleges at its present rate?

9. What effect is this military training going to have upon those people in the United States who are working day and night for better international understanding?

10. Is it wise to introduce this training into the United States just at this juncture of the world's history, when the peoples of the world are trying to find a better way to secure peace by international organization and treaty?

Will you answer these questions to your own satisfaction, facing the future world in which you have got to live? If you will, you may be wiser, better and greater men and women.

CLARENCE R. SKINNER.

Jottings

Private advices from India still bring disturbing news of Gandhi's health. This is "causing anxiety throughout the country," says our correspondent.

The fact that Gandhi is reduced in health beyond our imagination causes the whole country to offer silent prayers for his speedy recovery. He is now an invalid, confined to bed. He is pulling on better, but he requires complete rest, and has agreed to go to a hill station when his health permits.

High school principals and educational authorities in Massachusetts have voted 300 to 9 against the continuance of military training in the schools of that state. The newspapers record this as "a staggering blow" to the cause of military training in this country. We should say so! Our militarists are down and out for once.

We like to remember President Coolidge's father—a hard worker, wresting a simple living from ungracious soil, and leaving nothing to his son but the stony Vermont farm. His were the stoic virtues of the New England pioneer stock—thrift, patience, forbearance, taciturnity, self-control, and the courage that dares and endures equally without display. We have always felt glad that he lived to see his son in the White House.

Premier Baldwin, discussing the fiasco of the recent meeting of the League Council at Geneva, declares that it may have "the effect of strengthening the League by exposing some of its weak points." Set this down as Example 539842 of extracting sunshine from cucumbers.

We are sorry to read of the passing of *Christian Work*. Ably edited by Dr. Frederick Lynch, this journal always held our respect and interest as one of the best religious papers in the country. If it had to go, however, it could have no better fate than that of being merged, as announced, with our neighbor, *The Christian Century*.

Papini, we are told, is writing a life of Adam. We can imagine no subject better chosen for his pen. Papini showed in his "Life of Christ" that he was a past-master in the art of sentimental fiction, and Adam certainly gives him a chance to show his powers afresh.

J. H. H.

Items From a Traveler's Note Book

My first trip into the South! I had been down as far as Greensboro, North Carolina, in the East and Louisville, Kentucky, in the middle West, and had touched at El Paso on a trip to California. But never before had I gone into the real Southland, the region of cotton and plantations and black folk. To a born Yankee like myself, this was like going into a foreign land, and the prospect was exciting.

I.

The journey down from Washington presents a gradual transition. Virginia, to the observer in the car window at least, is not so different from Maryland, and North Carolina, with its fine roads and up-to-date cities, seems quite familiar. It was nightfall when we reached Greensboro, and we saw nothing more of the countryside until we had left Atlanta two hours and more behind us, and were passing into Alabama. The spring was just at hand in this part of the world, and in every field was a mule patiently pulling through the soil a plow guided usually by a colored man, sometimes by a colored woman. Here and there, at more or less regular intervals, were the Negro homes—rude cabins, unpainted, rough and tumble-down, with narrow, unglassed apertures for windows, surrounded by crazy shacks and out-houses, a rude paling fence for the vegetable garden, scattered piles of rubbish and debris, no grass plots, not even so much as a flower stuck in a tin can or a milk bottle, such as graces many a New York tenement. Now and again came a large two-story house, painted but also in bad condition, with trees and an occasional melancholy attempt at a flower garden, showing the presence of a white family, probably the owners of the tenant farms about. Pigs and cattle dotted the landscape here and there, seeking food from the meagrest pasturage that I had ever seen in all my life. How these scrawny creatures lived on the sour weeds which they nosed out of the black soil was, and is, more than I can understand. Indeed, no feature of the country was more remarkable to the New England eye than the lack of pasture land. Every inch of the ground was furrowed with last year's plowing and was now being turned up afresh for the new crops ahead. This was a fact which differentiated the region from Russia, of which I was constantly reminded as I went along. Russia also is desolate and lonely and primitive, but there is rich pasturage and abundant woodland. Furthermore, the peasant homes in Russia are not scattered over the countryside, each one a solitary point in the midst of spreading acres, but are gathered together into picturesque villages. In Alabama, as we rode along, for all the sparseness of the population, there seemed always to be a cabin or cabins in sight. In Russia, we would ride for miles and see no human being or habitation, then come suddenly upon a village with its fifty or a hundred homes clustered upon some hilltop, frequently illuminated, so to speak, by the golden dome of a church.

Late in the morning of a Thursday, we arrived at Montgomery, where we were met by Emanuel Brown, Principal of the Street Manual Training School, who had come with an automobile to take us seventy miles over the countryside to the town of Richmond, there to see the institution for colored boys and girls which he had founded and developed under inconceivable difficulties to its present state of efficiency and high public usefulness. After a brief inspection of Montgomery, a typical city of the old South, in-

cluding the great white statehouse on the hill, which antedates the Civil War, we launched out into the open country. Our automobile sped along swiftly on a superb dirt highway, with admirable bridges over brooks and streams. On either side stretched the black acres dotted with the Negro shacks, mules at the plow, stray cattle seeking desperately for a sprig of green, and occasional clumps of noble southern pines. Most of the farming in this district, I learned, was on a tenant basis, a white man or family owning plantations of 2,000 or 3,000 acres, and leasing portions to the Negro families who worked the soil. The land-owner, of course, payed his tenants out of the profits of their crops, and during the off season in the winter time carried them with loans of money, advances of food, tools, livestock. It is this system which runs so easily into the semi-slavery of peonage, the Negro tenant always being in debt and thus held to the land. But in this region there was little of this iniquity—Negroes were themselves acquiring land, and relations between whites and blacks were excellent.

Arrived at Richmond, we were received with traditional southern hospitality by an elderly woman and her daughter in a manor-house which had stood upon this site for more than a hundred years, and housed generation after generation of the same family. It was a great rambling structure, built high in the center, with long, loose extensions running out on either side, the old garden in front, and the former slave quarters in the rear. Here in a large dining room, with towering ceiling and huge windows, we found a meal to win the hearts of hungry travelers—cold ham, stuffed eggs, hot biscuits, macaroni, salad, preserved figs, tea and crackers, all served in abundance and with delightful charm.

After lunch came the School! Here in Richmond, some twenty odd years were a penniless but determined, heroic, utterly consecrated young colored man, graduate of Tuskegee, and a thirty-acre stretch of woodland over which as a boy he had chased wild rabbits. Today this land, acquired free and clear of debt, and stripped of most of its timber, is the site of a manual training institution, with its buildings, playground, farm, poultry-yard, barn, and two fine homes. Negro boys and girls to the number of two hundred, between the ages of five and sixteen, attend this school and are taught reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, sewing, domestic science, farming, agriculture and biology. These children all walk to the school, some from as great a distance as five miles away. "Ten miles a day," said Mr. Brown, "and they do it gladly." The original and still the main building of the school, well constructed and planned, contains a chapel or assembly-room, offices, class-rooms, and a library where the students are taught to use and value newspapers, magazines and books. A new industrial building, erected to take the place of an earlier building which was destroyed by fire two years ago, contains class-rooms for the domestic and agricultural arts, an attractive reception room, and sleeping-rooms and dining-room for the women members of the faculty. Between these two buildings stands the home of the Principal. Down the slope, toward the farm, is the barn, with its cows, poultry, and two fine mules. Large playgrounds stretch in front of the main building, between the building and the road. The total plant, begun from nothing, is now valued at more than $30,000.

The children were playing about as we drove into the grounds of the school and entered the main building. A ringing of the bell gathered them into two long lines, one of boys and one of girls, and thus they marched into the chapel and took their places upon the rows of benches for the ceremonies of the afternoon. As I sat upon the platform, I looked down into the eager countenances of some one hundred and fifty youngsters. The number was below the average, as the spring had come, plowing had begun, and the older boys and girls were needed at home. All of these children were well dressed, in clothing which invariably showed taste, care and cleanliness. Their faces were alert, intelligent and not seldom handsome. There was nowhere any sign of shiftlessness, inattention or indifference. Everywhere was vigor, pride, and fidelity to high standards. On either side of the main assembly sat the teachers and local trustees of the school, farmers from the neighborhood with their wives and little children. The only white persons present beside Mrs. Holmes and myself were the two women, mother and daughter, who had entertained us so hospitably at the manor-house.

The exercises of the day were opened by some brief remarks by Principal Brown. Then followed a prayer by a local Negro clergyman, a graduate of Boston University, an address of welcome to the guests of the occasion ably spoken by a handsome twelve-year-old colored boy, and toward the close of the program my own address. But the one outstanding feature of the occasion was the singing, partly by a choir of some thirty of the older students, and partly by the school as a whole. We had gotten a taste of Negro singing that morning on the train, when the waiters in the dining car lined up and gave us some beautiful songs, including some of the now famous spirituals. But here were children, with their clear, fresh voices and eager spirits—and how they sang! A church anthem, some old plantation melodies, and then the spirituals! It was singing that would put to shame any audience that I have ever heard—voices that rang till they seemed to reach the stars, and all so richly musical, and touched with such sheer native genius of rhythm and beauty, as to be almost incredible. It is from these Negro brethren of ours, and from no other, that the American music of the future, both in composition and performance, is to come.

After the exercises came an inspection of the school. First, a few moments in the office looking over the books, expertly kept by an accountant trained to his task by special study at Boston University. Then we went over the buildings, especially the new building, which showed taste, care, efficiency in every nook and corner. It was pathetic to see the bathrooms unused for lack of a cistern, certain bedrooms unused for lack of furnishings, and places here and there waiting for equipment which cannot be purchased till money is in hand. But it was inspiring to note all that was being done with what was available; the most and best being made of everything. Lastly, on this little tour of inspection, came a visit to the grave of Mrs. Brown, suddenly dead last December, while her devoted husband was in the north seeking funds for his school. In the new building was her memorial in the form of a living-room which had been designed by her in every detail. This grave was a shrine symbolical of love and sacrifice.

As the darkness of evening fell, we started back on our seventy mile ride to Montgomery. The fields

looked lonely and desolate as we sped along. It was evident that we had come at just the wrong time for seeing the country in its beauty. Another month and the ground would be green with grass and the springing crops. Already the trees were budding, and the mocking birds were singing. But the real spring had not yet come, and the glories of the summer were still far away. Now and again our lights picked up a horseman in the road, or a lone Negro astride a mule, or a frightened rabbit; twice we were stopped short by straying cows. But my thoughts were not upon the fleeting incidents of this night journey. I was thinking of Mr. Brown—of his heroism, his sweet patience, his great achievements, and his bitter deprivations. Why was there no cistern to supply this school with water? Why were there no fire extinguishers in the buildings? Why were rooms unfurnished and thus unused? Why were the agricultural and biological courses being conducted without laboratories or proper paraphernalia? Why were these two hundred splendid boys and girls not getting their education under perfect, instead of imperfect conditions? The answer to these questions is *lack of money,* lack of a few hundred dollars. Where can I find the man or woman who will help me to give Mr. Brown what he needs?

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

(To be continued)

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

[The Autobiography of Mahatma Gandhi]

CHAPTER I

Birth and Parentage

The Gandhis seem to have been originally grocers. But for three generations from my grandfather they have been Prime Ministers in Kathiawar States. Uttamchand Gandhi *alias* Ota Gandhi must have been a man of principle. State intrigues compelled him to leave Porbunder, where he was Diwan, and to seek refuge in Junagadh. He there saluted the Nawab with the left hand. Someone noticing the apparent discourtesy asked for an explanation, which was thus given: "The right hand is already pledged to Porbunder."

Ota Gandhi was married twice, having lost the first wife. He had four sons by the first and two by the second. I do not think I ever in my childhood felt or knew that these were step-brothers. The fifth of these six brothers was Karamchand Gandhi *alias* Kaba Gandhi and the sixth was Tulsidas Gandhi. Both these brothers were Prime Ministers in Porbunder one after the other. Kaba Gandhi was my father. He was a member of the Rajasthanic Court (now extinct, but in those days a very influential body for settling disputes between the chiefs and their cousins). He was for some time Prime Minister in Rajkot and then in Vankaner, and was a pensioner of the Rajkot State when he died.

Kaba Gandhi had four wives, one after another. He had two daughters by the first two. The last, Putlibai, bore him a daughter and three sons, I being the youngest.

My father was a lover of his clan, truthful, brave, and generous, but short tempered. To a certain extent he may have been even given to carnal pleasures, for he married for the fourth time when he was on the wrong side of forty. But he was incorruptible and had earned a name for strict impartiality in my family as well as outside. His loyalty to the State was well known. An Assistant Political Agent spoke insultingly of the Rajkot Thakore Sahib, his chief, and he stood up against the insult. The Agent was angry and asked Kaba Gandhi to apologize. This he refused to do and was therefore kept under detention for a few hours. But when the Sahib saw that Kaba Gandhi was adamant he ordered him to be released.

My father never had the ambition to accumulate riches and left us very little property.

He had no education, save that of experience. At best he may be said to have read up to the fifth Vernacular standard. Of history and geography he was innocent. But his rich experience of practical affairs stood him in good stead in the solution of the most intricate questions and in managing hundreds of men. Of religious training he had very little, but he had the religious culture that frequent visits to temples and listening to religious discourses make available to many a Hindu. In his last days he began reading the Gita at the instance of a learned Brahmin friend of the family, and he used to repeat aloud some verses every day at the time of daily worship.

The outstanding impression my mother has left on my memory is of her saintliness. She was deeply religious. She would not think of eating her food without her daily prayers. Going to *Haveli*—the Vaishnava temple—was one of her daily duties. As far as my memory can go back, I do not remember her having ever missed the *Châturmâs.** She would take the hardest vows and keep them without flinching. Illness was no excuse for relaxing them. I recall her once falling ill when she was observing the *Chândrâyana*† vow, but the illness was not allowed to interrupt the observance. Living on one meal a day during *Châturmâs* was a habit with her. Not content with that, she fasted every alternate day during one *Châturmâs*. To keep two or three consecutive fasts was nothing to her. During one *Châturmâs* she had vowed not to have food without seeing the Sun. We children would in those days be standing, staring at the sky, waiting to announce the appearance of the Sun to our mother. Everyone knows that during the thick of the rainy season the Sun often does not condescend to put in his appearance. And I remember days when at the sudden appearance of the sun we would hurriedly announce it to her and she would be rushing for a look at him, when the fugitive Sun would be gone, having deprived our mother of her meal. "That does not matter," she would cheerfully say, "God did not want me to eat today," and resume her round of duties.

She had strong common sense. She was in the know about all matters of State, and ladies of the court thought highly of her intelligence. Often I would

*Lit. of four months. A vow of fasting and semi-fasting during the four months of the rains. The period is a sort of long Lent.

†An expiatory vow regulated by the waxing and waning of the moon.

accompany her, exercising the privilege of childhood, and I still remember many a lively discourse she had with the widowed mother of the Thakore Sahib.

Of these parents I was born at Porbunder or Sudamapuri on the 2nd October, 1869. I passed my childhood in Porbunder. I recollect having been put to some school. It was with some difficulty that I mugged up the multiplication tables. The fact that I recollect nothing more of those days than of having learnt in company of other boys to abuse our teacher, would suggest a strong inference that my intellect must have been sluggish, and my memory as raw as the raw cake which figured in the couplet about the poor teacher.—(Translated from *Navajivan* by Mahadeo Desai.)

M. K. GANDHI.

In Memoriam

Eric Knight Jordan (1903-1926)

Eric Knight Jordan, the son of David Starr Jordan and Jessie Knight Jordan was killed on March 10, 1926, by the overturning of an automobile. He was on his way to a geological investigation of the Santa Maria region in Southern California.

In Eric Jordan a great scientific name gave fair promise of receiving new luster. He was hardly more than a boy when he died, for he had been born in San Francisco on September 27, 1903. But he had already achieved distinction in his chosen field. Before entering the university, he had made a considerable collection of mollusks of California and of various shores in Europe. While in a secondary school he had prepared a manual of the mollusks of California. The book, which was never published, embodied considerable original work, especially on the Chitons and the minute snails called Odostomea. His studies on the Molluscan fauna of Trinidad Head (California) were written at the age of fifteen and published by the U. S. National Museum.

He was graduated from Stanford University in 1923, with Geology as his major subject and Zoology as a minor. In 1924, under the auspices of Cornell University, he made a large collection of fishes from Hawaii. Under the direction of the Academy, [California Academy of Sciences?] he later took part in a biological and geological survey of the Off Shore Islands of Mexico, and also in a survey of the middle portion of Lower California. The reports on these last two expeditions are still unpublished.

His chief publications were: The Mollusks, Living and Fossil, of Lower California, and Their Testimony as to Climatic Conditions in the Miocene Age; a Catalogue of the Fishes of Hawaii, with account of new species (in collaboration with D. S. Jordan); a Review of the Fishes of Hawaii, based on his own collection in 1924. At the time of his death he was a graduate student in Geology and Assistant Curator in the same subject in the California Academy of Sciences.

He was in the perfect bloom of his young manhood: lithe, tall, vigorous, a lover of the High Sierras. A clear-headed and persistent worker, he was also a born executive and a master of English. His love for biological studies approached genius; but there was none of the abnormal or repellent traits of the "prodigy" about him; his personality remained sweet and winsome. He was married but one month before his death to one of his classmates, a gifted and lovable young woman, Elizabeth Roper Jordan. The grief of his bride and of his parents is too sacred for the intrusion of public sympathy. But the scientific world realizes that heredity and early training under an incomparable master had given Eric Jordan opportunities which were perhaps unique. It is a priceless instrument that has been broken. *Laboremus!* ALBERT GUÉRARD.

THE MYSTIC

There is a quest that calls me,
In nights when I am lone,
The need to ride where the ways divide
The Known from the Unknown.
I mount what thought is near me
And soon I reach the place,
The tenuous rim where the Seen grows dim
And the Sightless hides its face.

I have ridden the wind,
I have ridden the sea,
I have ridden the moon and stars.
I have set my feet in the stirrup seat
Of a comet coursing Mars.
And everywhere
Thro' the earth and air
My thought speeds, lightning-shod,
It comes to a place, where checking pace,
It cries, "Beyond lies God!"

It calls me out of the darkness,
It calls me out of sleep,
"Ride! ride! for you must, to the end of Dust!"
It bids—and on I sweep
To the wide outposts of Being,
Where there is Gulf alone—
And thro' a Vast that was never passed
I listen for Life's tone.

I have ridden the wind,
I have ridden the night,
I have ridden the ghosts that flee
From the vaults of death like a chilling breath
Over eternity.
And everywhere
Is the world laid bare—
Ether and star and clod—
Until I wind to its brink and find
But the cry, "Beyond lies God!"

It calls me and ever calls me!
And vainly I reply,
"Fools only ride where the ways divide,
What Is from the Whence and Why!"
I'm lifted into the saddle
Of thoughts too strong to tame
And down the deeps and over the steeps
I find—ever the same.

I have ridden the wind,
I have ridden the stars,
I have ridden the force that flies
With far intent thro' the firmament
And each to each allies.
And everywhere
That a thought may dare
To gallop, mine has trod—
Only to stand at last on the strand
Where just beyond lies God. —*Cale Young Rice.*

A Challenge and Appeal

(For the particular benefit of every one who says: "No, I do not believe in war—BUT—")

I challenge any person to declare, to think up as a possibility, to produce from anywhere any excuse or pretense that will serve as an adequate reason for war *in these days.* I dare make the assertion that there is not one such reason that can be found or conjured up. In making that challenge my idea was in reference to international conflict, but I will not except a localized revolution.

Of course no government ever engages in aggressive warfare. That rule is one without exception. The country that declares war does so because the enemy has forced such declaration by aggressive acts! But what act is worth a declaration of war? Will war decrease the trouble or settle it with justice?

Search through the entire list of possibilities and select one, if you can, that gives sufficient grounds for collective homicide of nation by nation. What affront of any nature that one can wring from the depths of his imagination will serve as decent pretext for the slaughter of hordes of young lives—the mutilation of bodies—the degradation of all nobler emotions; the annihilation of towns with noble memorials of loving human endeavor; of villages; of fields of fruitage; of entire cities; and the frightful consequences in the long aftermath of anguish? To one who looks at the matter without prejudice, allowing reason, judgment and an intelligent understanding of national and international situations to determine his opinion not one can be found. Notice, please, that his challenge relates to present causes for war. Post records are shameful. Let us not repeat them.

Name over the whole list of war causes that you remember. Ransack your histories for causes you have forgotten. Are you not aghast at the shallowness, the puerility, of the pretexts that have served to set nation against nation—man against man—brother against brother! And the imagination is staggered at thought of the treachery and infamy that has permitted such deception of the multitude by men in positions of power as has made warfare possible during the past three or four centuries—to say nothing of previous epochs. For long years nothing short of arrant deception—misrepresentation—exaggeration—lies—could have sufficed to work up a populace to the pitch of frenzy needed for them to give themselves as willing victims, or martyrs, to what was presented as their country's cause. The bare plain truth would have left the leaders as leaders in desire alone—without a single recruit. For wars have been waged, as Mark Twain has put it, "Sometimes in the private interest of royal families, sometimes to crush a weak nation; but never a war started by the aggressor for any clean purpose—there is no such war in the history of the race." Yet today, with all our advancement in arts and physical sciences, in medicine, in philosophy, in sociology, in philanthropy, the same old deceptive methods are in full vogue toward the people: facts distorted, truth repressed, lest people should learn what would fire them to turn upon their government with refusal to submit to draft, support a war, and maintain military establishments. That a government should represent to its people, as has been done again and again, that it is the honor of their country which is assailed or at stake, and call for the sacrifice of numberless lives to retrieve or avenge it, while in reality the threatening war is to further a scheme for territorial expansion or commercial gain—is this not the most colossal wrong of the ages? Yet think how lately this wrong was perpetrated throughout Europe and the world plunged into a hole in consequence from which it has not yet extricated itself; for, as Lord Robert Cecil has told us in referring to the distraught conditions in Europe preceding the World War, "If the situation had been known to the world no nation could have forced its people to fight." Let the full meaning of those trenchant words sink deep into your consciousness!

The commonest causes given as necessitating war are concerned with national honor or vital interests, or the preservation of rights in a foreign land. Will any person in his sane mind explain how collective homicide maintains honor, secures rights and liberty or avenges an affront? Was ever so preposterous an idea as that the honor and dignity of a nation or the rights of any people should depend on the number of their opponents that they can murder?

Cool reflection would make it rather seem that by such procedures the honor and dignity of any nation are dragged in mire and filth. Does not a nation's honor and dignity require to be maintained by the exercise of calm and deliberative methods of procedure demanding the intelligence and judgment of skilled and scholarly experts rather than of those who are "seeing red"? Who is the man—or woman—who needs convincing on this matter? Who will admit that massacre and blinding and crippling of innocent humans beings by the million—demolition of towns and cities with rare and precious treasures sacredly preserved for centuries—and the turning of human beings into raging, irresponsible, demonic creatures are the right and safe and defensible methods of preserving national honor and dignity? Who will venture to assert that warfare can ever be relied on to provide satisfactory means of settlement of any international controversy and to assure any degree of justice when he reads the lessons of the late war?

The knowledge that wholesale deception has been practiced upon the masses is slowly seeping through the world, altogether too slowly, however, for the good of its multitudes still faithful to the false beliefs about war that have been sown in their minds from earliest years. If only an illumination of the complete truth could come to every individual over night—the truth that armies and navies are the essential requisites for keeping up the bogey scares about the possibility or necessity for war—the truth that there is absolutely no need whatever for warfare for any possible or imaginable cause if those in charge of affairs should prefer peace for reasons of their own—and that only by continued deception can their power be retained—what mighty change would instantaneously befall! For, once that knowledge were established, the people would be the masters and the governments the governed! The will of people for peace would be paramount!

O People! If you but knew your power! If only you would speak with a united voice, denouncing your betrayal on this subject of warfare and declaring your inviolable decision never again to participate as individuals or support your government in war! If you but knew that it is because those now occupying

eminence are aware of your power that they keep you deceived day by day and year by year! Shrewd and keen are they and they clearly see that, should you once gain knowledge of the real circumstances and conditions that make for war, their supremacy is doomed! And they are determined to hold supremacy if they can even while demanding a toll of suffering from their countrymen to maintain it!

O friends! You who deplore war and what you believe to be its necessity! You who would gladly have it abolished forevermore! You who really want to do something to help prevent its recurrence but are afraid because you have been brought up to believe it necessary, and who timidly crouch under a huge evil seeking protection from the imaginary bogies which the war-mongers scare up for your benefit! You who are still unawakened to the unutterable treachery of rulers toward their people in permitting the war system to hold power for one day longer! Oh, that you might behold the truth clearly as those who know the treachery and sham on which the whole war structure is built! Oh, that you would raise your voice with those who are devoting their lives to save you! In spite of their protestations those who still adhere to the war-system are your worst enemies. They are the ones who would doom you and yours to possible destruction while its opponents would save your lives and your future suffering. Oh, for the insight that would give you the courage to join forces with the heroic minority now striving to save the world! If you timid but longing ones would join now with those already at work, how quickly the glorious consummation would be achieved! How quickly this beautiful great world would be set free from the octopus of war now sapping its vitality and destroying its humanity!

Meanwhile my challenge is open to all the world! Who will answer it?

LYDIA G. WENTWORTH.

The Study Table

NEW BOOKS

On the occasion of the one hundredth anniversary of the statement of the Monroe Doctrine, the Carnegie Foundation for International Peace invited an eminent Chilean publicist, Alejandro Alvarez, to write a work dealing with that best known political pronouncement of our nation.[1] The author has made many and important contributions to international law. He has been particularly interested in those questions and problems that concern the New World and has written an important treatise in French on *American International Law*. He has collected an enormous mass of material relative to the Monroe Doctrine and this he uses in the book prepared for the Foundation. He has done his work admirably and his book will surely remain the standard reference in its field. There is wide diversity of opinion regarding the Doctrine. There are those who consider it the noblest document in political philanthropy that any nation ever issued; there are others who look upon it as a cloak, under which the United States plans to exploit and destroy the republics to the south. The Doctrine has undergone changes with time; new interpretations have been given it. It was originally promulgated for *our* defense more than for the protection of the new republics, formerly Spanish colonies. The treatment of his theme by Señor Alvarez is simple, clear and masterly. In the first part of the book he presents the history, practice, ideas and facts. He makes a historical and comparative exposition of the ideas of the United States and of Latin America with regard to the Monroe Doctrine, examines its principles as related to International Law, and states the attitude of Europe towards the Doctrine. This admirable analysis is followed by annexes in which 31 documents, or pertinent parts of them, are given in their original and official form. The second part is made up of declarations of statesmen and opinions of publicists of (a) Latin America and (b) the United States in regard to the Monroe Doctrine. Twenty-four Latin-American and 19 United States authorities are quoted. The collection has great interest and value. There is much divergence in the opinions, although there is naturally a good deal of repetition in so many statements upon a single theme. Perhaps two of these deserve especial mention—those by Señor Alvarez, himself, and John Bassett Moore. Lack of space prevents quotation or fuller comment. We will only say that Señor Alvarez insists upon a clear distinction between three things—the actual Monroe Doctrine, hegemony and imperialism. The Doctrine itself does not imply or warrant either hegemony or imperialism. If the United States has ever seemed to play the bully, to assume sole control of American affairs, to limit the sovereignty of other American nations, she may or may not legitimately take refuge behind the Doctrine. If she is imperialistic and desires to absorb weaker states she can find no excuse in the famous document of one hundred years ago.

Readers generally are confused in regard to Mexican affairs. They find it difficult to see what Mexico is driving at, if she is driving at anything, in her revolutionary struggles. The last revolution, which began as a revolt against Porfirio Diaz, lasted for eleven years and during that time we were inclined to impatience. The struggle seemed unnecessarily drawn out. We lost sympathy with it all, it interfered with business. There have been many books written on Mexico since 1910. Most of those that deal specifically with the Revolution are partisan. Dr. Dillon's "Mexico on the Verge" is a thoughtful book, valuable and sympathetic, but it does not pretend to be a history of Revolution; his "Obregon, President of Mexico," is adulation and sycophancy, but throws much light on a real man and was timely. In his admiration of Obregon, Dillon saw little or nothing to praise in his predecessor, Carranza. Yet any real history of the recent struggle must give a fair picture of the whole movement from the election of 1910 to the election of Calles. We now have a little book, by a woman who teaches history in the Oklahoma City High School.[2] It comes nearer to being a real history of the recent Revolution than any other book we have seen. It is a serious and earnest effort to be fair. It recognizes the justice and inevitability of the reaction against the Diaz regime; it gives Francisco I. Madero some recogni-

1. *The Monroe Doctrine: Its Importance in the International Life of the States of the New World.* Alejandro Alvarez. New York: 1924. Oxford University Press. 80 pp. ix. 573.

2. *American Relations With Mexico.* Launa M. Smith. Oklahoma City: 1924. Harlow Publishing Co. 160 pp. (v.) 249.

tion—which might be more hearty; it even gives Huerta a status, and any study of this great movement ought to give the "old Indian" considerable credit; above all it gives proper consideration to Carranza and his achievement. It is almost the only book published in our country that does so. Venustiano Carranza has been ridiculed, abused, misrepresented—but he was a really great man. He may have been old, stubborn, vain, but he knew what was due to Mexico as a nation and he laid dignified foundations on which successors might build. His Constitution of 1917 will prove unworkable in some directions, but it is a document with modern trend; its errors can be eliminated. It was in his foreign policy that Carranza showed himself a constructive ruler. Miss Smith gives Carranza honorable treatment. Unfortunately she ends with him. The book should have been continued to 1921. It should contain a discussion of the administrations of Adolfo de la Huerta and of Alvaro Obregon, of equal fullness and fairness, to make it cover the entire revolution. As the book was not printed until 1924, it might have been expected to do so. It can, however, be commended as a painstaking and useful book, which deserves to be widely known.

Vicente Blasco Ibañez's reputation as a literary man will secure a great reading for his "Alfonso XIII Unmasked"; so, no doubt, will its sensational title. No wonder then that a second printing of the book was called for in two months' time As literature the book has no great claim; as a political discussion it has no serious value. We are told in the announcement that Señor Blasco has been appealing for democratic institutions in Spain for thirty-five years; the newspapers inform us that he is now in retirement in France, presumably because he is "an irreconcilable opponent of the Spanish monarchy." As an indictment of Alfonso XIII the book is tame; as an expression of personal hatred toward the dictator, Primo de Rivera, it is bitter; as a statement of Spanish needs or of constructive ideas for Spanish democracy it leaves us cold. Our writer hates Primo; perhaps Primo deserves hatred. He hates Germany; he has that privilege. He despises Mexico and the Spanish American republics in general; genius is temperamental. I was in Mexico, just after Señor Blasco Ibañez was there, in the days of Carranza. The dislike and contempt he has for Mexico is amply reciprocated. He seems to have been incapable of understanding the real struggle towards democracy that he found there. What idea more fantastic than for great American newspapers to hire a Spaniard of social pretension and literary fame to go to Mexico and report his impressions? Did those papers want facts, or did they want to aid in creating an excuse for intervention in Mexico? It was commonly stated in Mexico that Señor Blasco demanded a large fee from Carranza to secure a favorable report. If he did make such a demand it was, apparently, refused. Was our author competent to write a real democratic appeal, with a well supported protest, and a constructive plan, in the book before us? If so, it is a pity that he failed to do so. We agree with him that the Morocco venture is unfortunate and unwise. If it were a purely Spanish question, it might have been differently handled. Mr. Blasco seeks refuge in the country whose interests seem to be served by its continuance. With Mexican gossip in mind, one wonders just what lies between Señor Blasco and Primo de Rivera. The book leaves us wondering.

FREDERICK STARR.

3. *Alfonso XIII Unmasked, The Military Terror in Spain.* Vincente Blasco Ibañez. New York: 1924. E. P. Dutton and Co. 160 pp. (i) 121.

Correspondence

Responsibility for European Troubles

Editor of UNITY:

"They know not, they walk in darkness."

Can these words of the psalmist be applied today to those responsible for the present conditions ruling the civilized world, to the arbitrators of peace and war?

Not a few pretend that ignorance rather than ill will is responsible for the disastrous Peace treaties, for the chaos introduced by them in the relations among nations. Such are laboring under a delusion, their pretentions are ruled by their wishes, a very unsafe ground to build upon.

Is it not a case of blind leading the blind and both falling into the ditch?

We are witnesses of efforts and successes proclaimed by trumpet and received with applause, after each specially arranged meeting between the powerful factors of the day, resulting finally in confusion rather than in clearer atmosphere.

We have experienced many illusions within the last ten years, and the last successful effort, Locarno, seems to me to be working for a destiny into the ditch.

Scarcely is good stroke struck for relief to the general human suffering than we see one of the participants in the good stroke, hard at work to nulify the progress attained. It is wilful walking in the dark, because for some factors darkness is light.

How else will be explained the present demand of several countries to be admitted as permanent members in the Assembly of the League of Nations? This demand is made just when a satisfaction of general usefulness has been accorded to Germany. Germany as full member in the League would be an influence against the darkness which pervades the League's activity. Such influence is destructive for those who will walk in darkness and must be nullified.

France is not content with the guarantee the Locarno treaty has given her. She must eat of the loaf but the loaf must remain whole. She has carried the intrigue further and has come off with flying colors with a treaty with Turkey. She is checkmating Great Britain in her endeavors to obtain some relief for Germany, she checkmated the same country with the Franklin-Bouillon treaty, also with the Turks, and but for France's moral and material support the Turks could not have reached the position from which they forced upon their erstwhile conquerors the Lausanne treaty.

The darkness is growing denser, it will soon be unpenetrable, because with certain leading factors light is destructive.

Such is the political situation in the West, the same prevails in the East. The *Petite Entente* is carrying on a perfect copy plan of their great protector. The ministers of these countries are chasing each other from capital to capital, to prevent light in the darkness in which the Peace treaties keeps them enveloped, most appropriate for their purpose.

France will not hear of any modification of these treaties, even to the forced upon Germany self admission, as to the responsibilities for the war, and the *Petite Entente* are in accord on that point, it gives them a freer hand to disregard with impunity even duties imposed upon them by the same treaties. Please to observe that some of these States were insignificant, with no voice in the great councils of Europe, others were non-existent until after the war.

Evil work is best done in darkness, and those in whose power it is to throw light into the situation, to permit a conciliating spirit to penetrate it are restless under every pressure brought upon them and necessarily react upon the first opportunity they themselves create. It cannot be said of such "They know not, they walk in darkness."

There is a great talk of outlawing war, of rendering it impossible. Some believe in its realization. I cannot see even a nucleus round which can be built any hopes for such an

attainment. The principle that armies guaranteed peace is as sacred as ever in contravention of the Peace treaties, which provide for general disarmament, as the best security against war!

Where is the man, the genius capable of stepping out of the meshes so carefully laid and so jealously guarded and free the enmeshed world by the very instrument which should have restored humane conditions to the life of nations?

I can dream of such a man but not see him, still less touch him.

It is no longer—armaments guarantee peace, today it is—injustice secures peace! The first was bad and full of danger, the second is worse, unnatural, in disaccord with the right to exist.

It is plain that the central political struggle is for the maintenance of the Peace treaties intact, and there is no thoughtful, honest man who does not admit that these treaties were designed to crush nations, to deprive millions of ancestral homes of the right to call themselves by their father's names and in their father's tongue!

No, it is not possible to apply the words of the psalmist—"They know not, they walk in darkness"—to the present leaders appointed to arbitrate in the chaotic political situation. They walk in the darkness they have knowingly created, light for them is destructive to all their plans. Under such conditions, without extraordinary events developing, no satisfactory settlement allowing tolerable existence for so many nations is possible. I am thinking of what the destiny of man will be. I am dwelling upon the unnatural crises which the centre of the civilized world, Europe, has experienced for the last ten years and ask myself: Are we whirling, whirling in the grip of a maelstrom?

P. M. Matthéefe.

Sofia, Bulgaria.

News from Germany

Editor of Unity:

It occurred to me that you might be interested to know my impressions of the political situation here, although I dare say you have received information from time to time from more adequate sources. But I offer them to you for what they are worth. I have attended several political meetings here and in Frankfurt, and have tried to get some idea from these meetings, as well as from personal contact with students and others, as to what the Germans are thinking.

In Frankfurt I attended a meeting of the German National Workers' Movement, the left wing in German politics. A representative from Berlin spoke, and after condemning the Versailles Treaty, the Locarno Pact and the Dawes Plan, declared that unless German industry receives financial assistance in the form of loans from other nations, Bolshevism will come very soon. He referred to the fact that there are over two million men without work at present, and that the number is rapidly increasing. This is partly due to the fact, he declared, that the Dawes plan takes from the country all surplus capital which would enable German industry to function normally again. The remarkable thing about his address came at the end, when he declared that all of these political and economic problems about which he had spoken must be approached in a Christian spirit.

Two representatives of the People's Parties have spoken to students at the University. The first one, a Herr Von Groefe, after picturing Germany's industrial plight today, declared that the Germans have nothing to fear from the Governments of France, England or America today, but rather an "invisible government" composed of some three hundred bankers and financiers throughout the world. He spoke very bitterly against the Jews, who today control so large a part of German industry, and the Dawes plan was anathema. He saw in the Locarno pact only another step towards total submission to this invisible government. Germany, he declared, is no longer a nation, but a colony of this group of financiers. The solution which he offered was a policy of German isolation. "Germany for the Germans" was his motto. The ideal of every German should be the building of a powerful German nation. He then made a plea for pure German blood, and pure German kultur.

Another representative of the People's Parties, State Secretary Freiherr from Rheinbaden, addressed the students on the following Sunday evening. He began by paraphrasing Paul's words, "We have politics, industry and kulture, but the greatest of these is politics." He emphasized first the necessity of changing the German political machinery so that the President can choose his own cabinet, as in America and England. He then declared that all the demonstrations and overtures which Germany has made since the war have brought her nothing, and the only way she can win the respect of the other nations is by "Macht," or force. He declared emphatically that he was a "Macht" politician. It was necessary, he said, for France to call in the assistance of the whole world in order to crush Germany, and he did not believe the other nations would respond to such a call again. Germany must therefore develop "Macht" to stop the wrongs which are being enacted against Germany today, and to right the wrongs which have already been done. So long as Germany is divided into a number of small political parties, France and the other nations will not respect her. This "Macht" can only come through political unity, and by dispensing with the numerous parties which have sprung up since the war. He then referred to the French occupation, and declared that before German industry can be developed the Germans must be a free people; and the only way they can be a free people is to have a strong national government. For no nation will respect Germany, or German products, so long as French soldiers are on German soil.

About 90 per cent of the students belong to the German National party. The only difference, apparently, between the German National party and the various People's parties, is that the former still adheres to the old aristocratic conception of society and of government, whereas the latter would have the government machinery more democratic. The students on the whole have no faith in a League of Nations or any other international council, but adhere to the old German slogan that "might makes right."

There is a real democratic movement which has ideals the opposite of those mentioned above, but it is not very strong. Some of the professors here belong to it, but its meetings are very poorly attended. J. E. B.

Marburg, Germany.

To Followers of Gandhi

Editor of Unity:

For the guidance of Hindu students and politicians at home I am preparing a list of all persons who are engaged in spreading the doctrine of peace as promulgated by Mahatma Gandhi. I know there are many people here in this country who have a great respect for the spiritual teachings of Hinduism and Gandhi, the only practical living follower of Jesus. I shall feel obliged to your readers if they will send me the names, addresses, and a little biographical sketch of all such active sympathizers. I intend to make an auto tour throughout the states this summer, and, if possible, visit all these noble workers personally.

Hoping to be favored with the necessary information by your generous readers and thanking them in anticipation of the same.

Vishnu V. Oak.

College of Commerce, Iowa City, Iowa.

The World Court and Then What?

Editor of Unity:

Adherence to the World Court by no means justifies the workers for peace in allowing themselves a rest as if a great deal had been accomplished thereby. The significance of such action indeed is not commensurate with the amount of zeal to bring it to pass that is being exhibited. It means merely that our government will help to pay the Court's expenses and will share in the election of its judges. It does not obligate our country to submit one single case to the Court. But it is an encouraging indication that we believe in international institutions for the maintenance of peace and are abandoning the impossible policy of isolation which resulted from the disillusion following the war with its disappointing victory.

Now that we have joined the Court, we should at once press on toward the real goal of peacemakers, the abolition of war. To ask, as Kirby Page does, in his latest volume, for a general treaty within the next five years in which all nations shall abjure war is like crying for the moon. The mills of diplomacy grind very slowly. Such a treaty is conceivable only as the outcome of a worldwide educational campaign covering a considerable time. The more enlightened and progressive countries should not wait for their backward sisters, but should proceed without delay *to outlaw war as between themselves.* Switzerland is leading the way, having

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c. The League of Nations, The World Court, the Outlawry of War.

2. *The Economic Aspects of International Relations*

a. Overpopulation.
b. Foreign Investments and Exploitation.
c. The Opium Question.
d. Extra-Territoriality.
e. Immigration.

3. *The Problem of Naturalization in the U. S. A. and Elsewhere*

a. The Chinese Exclusion Act.
b. The Japanese Exclusion Act.
c. The Supreme Court's Decision Denying Citizenship to the Hindus.

4. *Nationalism Versus Internationalism*

a. A Discussion of the Two Points of View.

5. *How Can We Achieve Real International Friendship?*

Through a Universal language or through international ethics? What would be involved in the codification of international laws?

II. SOCIAL CONDITIONS AND RACE RELATIONS

a. The Youth and the Woman Movements in the Orient and Their Possible Effects on International Relations.
b. The Problem of the Missionary in the Orient. (From a social standpoint.)
c. The Missionary as a Problem in the Orient. (From a social standpoint.)
d. Considering the Social Heritages and Traditions of the Different Peoples of the Word, how Can We Bring About Better Race Relations?
e. The "Superiority Complex" of the Occident as Against the Orient and Vice Versa.
f. As Students From the Orient, What Can We Contribute Toward Real International Understanding? What Can We Give Our American Fellow-Students? What Can They Give Us?

III. RELIGIOUS ATTITUDES AND EXPERIENCES

1. *The Oriental Point of View*

a. Hinduism, Buddhism, Shintoism, Confucianism, Zoroastrianism, Mohammedanism, Christianity.
b. The Attitude of Occidental Christian Missionaries in the Orient Toward Other Religions.
c. The Dilemma of the Orient—Christian Mission Work on the One Hand and Political Conflicts on the Other!
d. The Orient's Estimate of the Religion of Christ, of "Christianity," and of Mission Work.

2. *The Occidental Point of View*

a. Christianity, the Scientific Attitude, Industrial Efficiency, Social Service Ideals, Etc.
b. Ideals Back of the Missionary Movement.

3. *Is the Coming Religion Going to Be a Synthesis, a Displacement or an Absorption?*

IV. *CONCLUSION*

a. What Can We Contribute to the Student Life of America During Our Stay Here?
b. What Can We Take Home From America?

INTERNATIONAL FELLOWSHIP OF RECONCILIATION

Belgium — Reduction of Military Service to a period of ten months has been agreed to by the various groups in the Chamber. The size of the army has been reduced by the suppression of one division. At the ceremony of placing the Colors of the disbanded regiments in a museum, a hostile demonstration of officers who had been dismissed, aided by Fascists, resulted in a tumult, in which the police made no attempt to intervene. The Socialists, the combined Flemish party, and the Christian Democrats have declared their support of the Government, in the event of a Fascist "putsch."

* * *

France—Conscientious Objection to Military Service was one of the chief subjects of discussion at the meeting of the Central Committee of the League of the Rights of Man in December. M. Corcos had asked that the question should be placed before the local sections for examination; he said that the C.O. was a man who *acted* in accordance with the principle maintained in theory by the "Ligue," namely that war is criminal and inhuman. Though it was difficult to discriminate between the true and the insincere C.O., our civilization is sufficiently advanced for the question to be considered on its own merits. The opposition took its stand mainly on the necessity of maintaining the solidarity of the social group, while at the same time working to abolish war. The Committee decided to devote another session to study of this problem.

* * *

Hungary—Anna Kéthly, the only woman M.P. in Hungary, has recently caused great excitement by a speech in opposition to Militarism in Education. In the discussion on Pensions for War Invalids, she made a courageous protest against the action of all those international organizations which supported the last war—capital, clergy and Socialists alike.

* * *

Latvia—The Minister of Education has issued an order introducing military training in the schools for the next school year. In the fifth and sixth classes of elementary schools, one hour every week, and in the fourth class of secondary schools, two hours every week are to be devoted to military exercises with rifles. These measures are only part of a general movement among the East Baltic nations, by which, in their overwhelming fear of Bolshevism, they are organizing new schemes of National Protection.

* * *

Norway—The all-inclusive arbitration treaty with Sweden has been followed by similar treaties with Denmark and Finland. The latter two are of immediate

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lately concluded a treaty with France, and also one with Italy for the peaceable settlement of all disputes, no exception being made of those involving "vital interests or national honor." Similarly in the Locarno pact France and Germany have promised to use only peaceful means of settling whatever controversies may arise between them. *Such an agreement is the outlawing of war as between the countries thus mutually pledging.* Let the number of such countries increase until the world is covered by the network of their reciprocal engagements. This is the method by which war will gradually be outlawed everywhere and not by corralling all nations at once into a universal peace treaty.

The treaties herein advocated should not even mention war. War is collective insanity. It is worse than wicked—it is asinine! As Rousseau said, nothing more is necessary to avoid war than that we shall not be fools. (I am disposed to say damned fools!). War ought to be unthinkable and will be when its real character is generally understood. It belongs in the category of those things which St. Paul declared it "a shame even to speak of." Our Constitution sets a good example in this matter. It provides for the peaceable settlement of disputes between the States but does not suggest even the possibility that a State might go to war against a sister State. It takes good faith for granted.

David Starr Jordan says that wisdom consists in knowing what to do next, and that virtue consists in doing it. Let us join the World Court, under no illusion about it but understanding well that in so doing we are taking only a tiny step forward. Then let us proceed energetically to *outlaw war as far as our country is concerned.* Let us agree by solemn treaty with one country after another, as fast and as far as we can go, to settle peaceable all disputes whatsoever. Let us begin with Britain. Chief Justice Taft, when he was President (1910) advocated a treaty of this kind, thereby becoming the leading pacifist of the world. Such a treaty was drafted by Secretary Knox and Ambassador Bryce. That it was not consummated was due not to reluctance on the part of the British government but to the unwillingness of our Senate at that time to impair our precious sovereign right to go to war whenever we feel like it! Would that President Coolidge would revive the Knox-Bryce Treaty!

If the two English-speaking peoples are not ready now to *outlaw war with each other,* then indeed the prospect is dark. But they are ready. An all-inclusive peace pact between them would be an inspiring example to the rest of the world. *This is the thing to do next.*

HENRY W. PINKHAM,
Secretary, The Association to Abolish War.

Brookline, Mass.

importance as there are serious questions outstanding between Norway and Denmark and Finland respectively. The Greenland dispute with Denmark, where the Norwegian Government is pressing for an open door for Norwegian fishing interests, has repeatedly led to chauvinistic outbursts and even threats of war on the part of Norwegian Nationalists, while the alleged Finnish designs on the Northern provinces of Norway have been constantly used as an argument for the strengthening of the army.

The present Prime Minister—a Liberal—has declared that the conclusion of the treaties, together with the entry of Germany into the League of Nations, has strengthened the case for a drastic reduction of armaments. As a first step the Government this year proposes the scrapping of the last forts on the last frontier and, mainly on financial grounds, a reduction of about 5 per cent on military expenditure. The Social Democrats in Parliament, supported by the Communists, have renewed their proposal of immediate and total disarmament.

These events give an excellent opportunity for Pacifists to show the necessity and value of peaceful methods in the solution of international and class conflicts. There is evidence of increased interest among the general public, and in Youth organizations, especially among the workers. The small War Resisters' Group, which held its first annual conference on February 7, is planning to approach this year's conscripts with an appeal to refuse military service.

* * *

South Africa—The Color Bar Bill which is now the burning question in the South African Parliament, is of great significance for the future welfare of South Africa, for India and for the race problem in general. General Hertzog's government proposes, among other restrictive measures, to forbid natives and Indians to engage in any skilled occupations. This means that, if the Bill is eventually passed, the majority of the population, which is black, will be kept permanently on a lower plane of labor, in the interests of the white minority. The new proposal to prohibit Indians from holding land in the Cape Province, makes an additional cause of exasperation in India. General Smuts describes the Bill as a "fire-brand flung into a haystack," and says that the whites are being "ring-fenced with the hatred of the blacks of Africa and the yellows of Asia."

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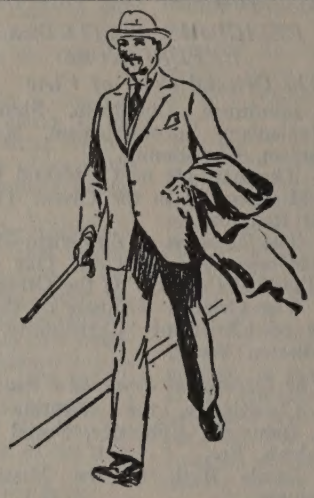

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